

THE Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

HERE lies William of Valence, a right good Earl of Pembroke
And this is his monument, which I will swear upon a book;
He was Earl Marshal of England, when Henry III. did reign,
About 500 years ago, but never will be so again.

Alteration! Alteration!
Oh! a wonderful Alteration!

Here the Lord Talbot lies, the town of Shrewsbury's Earl,
Together with his Countess fair who was a most delicate girl;
Next to him there lieth one Sir Richard Peckshall hight,
Of whom we only this do say that he was a Hampshire Knight.
Alteration, &c.

Here lies the third King Edward's brother, of whom our records
tell
Nothing of note, nor say they whether he be in Heaven or Hell;
This same was John of Eldersfane, he was no Costermonger,
But Cornwall's Earl; and here's one died because he cou'd live no
longer.

Alteration, &c.

Now think your penny well spent good folks, and that you're not
beguill'd,
Within this cup doth lie the heart of a French Ambassador's child
But how the devil it came to pass, on purpose, or by chance,
The bowels they lie underneath, but the body is in France.
Alteration, &c.

Oh! woe is me, those high-horn sinners that now pray so stoutly,
Living they never pray'd at all, yet their statues pray devoutly.
This fair monument that you see, I'd have you to understand,
It is of a virtuous Lady fair, who died of a prick in her hand.
Alteration, &c.

In this fair monument which you see adorn'd with many pillars,
Lieth the Countess of Buckingham, and her husband Sir George
Villars;

This old Sir George was grandfather, and the Countess she was
granny
To the great D. of Buckingham, who led by the nose K. Jamy.
Alteration, &c.

Here lies Sir Rob. Eatam a scottish knight, this man was secretary
He scribbled compliments for two Queens, Queen Ann, and eke
Queen Mary;

This same was Mary Queen of Scots, whom Buchanan doth so
bespatter,
She lost her head at Fotheringay, whatever was the matter.
Alteration, &c.

Henry the seventh lies here entomb'd, with his fair Queen beside
him,

He was the founder of this chapel, oh! may no ill betide him;

And here they stand upright in a press, with their bodies made of
wax,
A globe and a wand in either hand, and their robes upon their
backs.
Alteration, &c.

To another chapel now come we, the people follow and chat,
This is the Lady Cottington, the people cry out, who's that?
Why, Sir Thomas Bromley lieth here? (death wou'd not him re-
prieve)
With his four sons, and daughters four, that once were all alive.
Alteration, &c.

Here lies Sir John Fullerton, and that is his lady I trow,
And that is Sir John Pickering, whom none of you did know;
Here lies the Earl of Torrington, the world ne'er saw a madder,
His countess fair she lies beside him, & now you go up a ladder.
Alteration, &c.

Richard the second lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen, Queen
Ann,
Edward the third lies there hard by, and he was a gallant man;
This is the sword of John of Gaunt, a blade both true and trusty,
The Frenchmen's blood was ne'er wip'd off, which makes it look
so rusty.
Alteration, &c.

Harry the fifth lies here entomb'd with his fair Queen, Queen
Eleanor,
To our first Edward she was wife, that's more than you knew
before;
Now down the ladder come we again, and the man goes first with
a staff,
Two or three tumble down the stairs, and all the people laugh.
Alteration, &c.

Sir Robert Vere lies here entomb'd, who the Spaniards hide so
curry'd,
Four colonels brave support his tomb, and here his body's
buried;
That statue up against the wall with one eye, is Major General
Norris,
He bang'd the French most cruelly, as is affirm'd in stories.
Alteration, &c.

Here lies Sir John Holles, who was a Major General
To Sir John Morris, that brave blade, & now you may depart all
For now the show is at an end, all things are done and said,
The Citizens pay for their wives, and the apprentices kiss the
maids.
Alteration, &c.